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County Judge, H. E. PARKER.
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HOLT COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Professional—Oregon, Mo.

FRANK M. DAVIS, Real Estate Agent, will buy and sell real estate, examine and perfect title, pay taxes, etc. Office, Court House, Oregon.

R. D. MARKLAND, Attorney at Law, Office east side Public Square.

D. A. GOSLIN, Physician and Surgeon, Office over Vandevander's Drug Store.

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T. C. DUNGAN, Attorney at Law, Real Estate and Collecting Agent, Office, North West Corner Public Square, over Frame's Store.

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Merchants and Others—Oregon, Mo.

R. W. FRANK, Dealers in general Dry Goods, Groceries, etc. Country produce bought.

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K. RECK, BERNHARDT & CO., General Store, Dry Goods, Groceries, Glass and Queensware, Crockery, etc. Produce bought.

F. & G. SEEMAN, Boot and Shoe Makers, North side public square.

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FRED SAAL, Barber and Hairdresser, Next door to Post Office.

W. H. STEINERT, Dealers in Groceries, highest cash prices for Hides, Furs, and country produce of all kinds. N. W. Cor. Public Square.

PRICE HOUSE, Peter Price, Proprietor, West side Public Square.

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DAN'L DAVID, Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Boots, Shoes, etc. West side public square.

W. M. BUNKER, Wagon, Carriage, and Plow maker, two doors east of city hotel.

A. HARKINS, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, Shop, east west of brick block.

DR. C. S. MEER'S Office, at Joseph Street, North side Public Square, Oregon.

Merchants, etc., Forest City.

THURTELL, RICHARDSON & CO., Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hides, Furs, and country produce of all kinds. Produce bought.

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W. H. WILLIAMS & CO., Dealers in Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Table and Pocket Cutlery. All kinds of custom work, promptly done.

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MARTIN HOUSE, now open for the accommodation of the public.

T. MARTIN, Proprietor.

Merchants and Others, Craig, Mo.

CHART & HERRMAN HOUSE, now open for the accommodation of the public.

J. A. OLSON, Proprietor.

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TURNER & SALOON, FRED MEYER, Proprietor, Best of Liquors, Cigars, etc.

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STAR HOTEL, A. W. H. Proprietor, at the N. E. Depot.

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JACKSON & REIDERS, Physicians and Surgeons, Office, Drug Store. Special attention given to surgery.

T. D. FRANK & BROTHER, Dealers in general Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, and country produce.

North Point, Holt County, Mo.

GREEN & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Drugs, Medicines and country produce.

D. W. THUMA, Attorney at Law, Mound City, Holt County, Mo. Special attention given to collection, and the buying and selling of Real Estate, Conveyancing of Lands, etc.

Holt County Sentinel.

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Professional—St. Joseph, Mo.

W. H. SHERMAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office Corner Fifth & Third streets, St. Joseph, Mo.

SAUNDERS HOUSE, N. & J. SAUNDERS, Cor. 3d & Farion str., St. Joseph.

G. H. LYON, Michigan Lumber Yard, Cor. 4th and Main streets, St. Joseph, Mo. Dealer in Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors and Blinds.

PIANOS, Organs and Music, P. L. HURVY & SON, Ninth Street, St. Joseph, Mo.

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WILL buy and sell Real Estate, pay taxes, make collections, and do a general agency business.

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Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper, at our lowest rates, and are agents for all newspapers in the United States and Territories.

FOR SALE, HOTEL PROPERTY, WAGON-MAKER AND BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

I will sell at private sale, or trade for unimproved land, my hotel property, consisting of the front and rear buildings, situated on the corner of 1st and 2nd streets, in the city of St. Joseph, Mo. The building is one of the finest in North-West Missouri.

I will also sell or trade my Blacksmith's Shop and Wagon-Making Shop, with all the tools and stock belonging thereto.

As I desire to go still farther West, I will give a bargain in the above.

CHAS. HOLT COUNTY, MO.

NEW TIN STORE, MOUND CITY, MISSOURI.

Latest patterns of Cooking and Heating Stoves with all necessary appliances belonging. For sale at the lowest prices.

Also, all kinds of Tin, Copper and Brass Ware. MANUFACTURED BY J. C. WINKLER.

done on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

E. G. SMITH, House, Sign, Carriage and Ornamental Painter, OREGON, MO.

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J. C. JONES, Surgeon Dentist, Office: Southwest Corner of Public Square, OREGON, MO.

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The CHEAPEST and BEST ORGAN MADE, WHITNEY & HOLMES' MODEL ORGAN! FOR Churches, Schools and the Home Circle. Fifteen Different Styles, at Prices from \$75 to \$600.

THE high reputation of these Organs, and the in creased demand for them throughout the whole Western country, are unquestionable proofs of their

GREAT SUPERIORITY, And they are pronounced by the highest musical authority to be the

BEST ORGAN NOW MANUFACTURED Agents wanted in every city and town to introduce the Model Organ, and to enable us to visit the Factory, may be obtained upon obtaining just as good an instrument if ordered by mail, as we always send the best we have of the kind on hand.

Instruments securely packed to go any distance

FREE OF CHARGE! Special inducements offered to churches and schools. Write for particulars from the Factory.

Whitney & Holmes, Manufacturers of the Model Organ, in Hamilton's Block, Main street, between Fifth and Sixth, Quincy, Illinois.

We are the Western Agents for the celebrated

Newhall Pianos, And will furnish these splendid instruments, Wholesale and Retail, at Factory Prices, FULLY WARRANTED.

McCormick & Lyon, ADVERTISING AGENTS,

225 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Having over twenty-five years' experience in the business, and owning space in over 2,000 first-class newspapers, we are prepared to insert advertisements of all kinds at the lowest rates. Orders sent to this Agency from any part of the world will be promptly and faithfully executed. Send for circular containing lists and rates.

17 France & McCormick, St. Louis Advertising Agents for the Holt County Sentinel, keep complete files of this paper for the daily examination of advertisers, and are authorized to contract for advertisements at our lowest rates.

CHICAGO IRON WORKS, F. LETZ & SON, Proprietors, Office and Works, 54 to 52 S. Franklin St., CHICAGO, ILL.

MANUFACTURERS OF Iron Fronts for Buildings, WINDOW CAPS AND SILLS, ROLLING SHUTTERS, &c.

Bank Vaults and Doors, Jail Doors and Cells, Iron Fencing, Gratings, Shutter and Bridge Bolts.

All kinds of wrought and cast iron building and bridge work.

Bargains IN FURNITURE!! -AT- Bucher & Slusser, Retail Dealers in Tables, Chairs, Bed-Steads, & Furniture of All Kinds, Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.

Special attention given to repairing of Sofas, Lounges, Chairs, &c., &c.

J. MARTIN & BROTHER, (Successors to M. Whitmer,) DEALERS IN Harness & Saddlery, OREGON, MO.

HAVING purchased the entire stock of harness and saddle material owned by Mr. Martin Whitmer, and having made large additions thereto, we are prepared to manufacture, and will keep on hand, everything usually found in a first-class harness shop. We want advertisement to "sell at cost," or "on consignment," that we have the largest stock ever brought to Holt County, and we have those desirous of purchasing, nothing in our line will give us a call and examine our stock and prices. Shop, north side of Public Square.

J. C. WINKLER.

DRUGS! DRUGS! Every man in the room was wide awake as if it had been noonday; and although the darkness was so intense that not even the outlines of the interlopers' form could be seen, his presence was felt by all present; his firm, unflinching voice, with a thrilling, corpse-like accent told too plainly that he had carefully weighed the job before him, and was prepared on the slightest provocation to snuff out the bully's life with as little hesitation as he would extinguish a candle.

The rowdy arose from the bed, trembling in the knees like a frightened dog, and after sufficient time had elapsed for him to don his neither garments, he was ordered in the same resolute, deathly voice to "mount the window sill!"

In a rough and tumble fight Bill Kurdy was no coward. He could in such moments see his way out trouble in the most timely manner. "Enough!" he said, "I will not fight at this hour of the night. The man now to contend with was his master by the aid of the law, of darkness, and the unmistakable click of a Colt's revolver; and he mounted the still with the docility of a trained monkey.

"Now remain where you are!" exclaimed the blood-thirsty Marshal; "and if you so much as cross your legs, or your arms, or open your mouth until the clock strikes five, that moment you are a dead man!"

Kurdy took the seat indicated, and with hattering teeth and swollen eyeballs, staring into the inky blackness of the room, he waited for the appointed hour until the light of morning began slowly to steal in at the windows and reveal indistinct outlines of the various beds and their drowsy occupants.

But as Detroit's Marshal could be seen; the room was as quiet as the cobweb on a contribution box. Thinking that there was now an opportunity to regain his ventriloquist and for the effects of his whiskey being nearly gone, Bill fiercely gazed through the dim light and exclaimed:

"Where's the man that's going to shoot somebody?"

"Here!" came a reply in angry tones from outside of the door. "Here! follow me to the office below and learn after this never to play the bully unless you know the company you are in."

From there to the barn, but nowhere could the fighting officer be found. A few hours afterward, while at breakfast, sitting opposite Signor Bill, the world-renowned ventriloquist and for the successful manager, the man was honestly and persistently recounting his night of fright and misery, and expressed a willingness to pay a hundred dollars to know where Signor Marshal left the room without being seen, he was suddenly struck dumb by hearing the click of a pistol at his ear, and the magic like exclamation:

"Where's the window sill?"

The joke was instantly seen and appreciated by all present, and Kurdy had the practical sense and good nature to join in the laugh and exclaim:

"Cap'n, I ain't no more of a fool of myself; and I'm glad you taught me a lesson. But by the blessed spoons, I'll get even with you by letting your party talk at the hotel!"

Bill kept his word; and as he mounted his horse a short time afterwards, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen! I've drank my last glass of liquor, and you can put this down as the first one on record of drunkenness cured by ventriloquism!"

OR! TELL ME NOT OF LOFTY FATE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. HENRY.

Oh! tell me not of lofty fate,
Or of a deathless name;
The lowly love leaves desolate,
Has naught to do with fame.

Vainly philosophy would soar—
Love's bright light it may not reach;
The heart soon learns a sweeter love
Than ever sage could teach.

The cup may bear a poisoned draught;
The altar may be built of grief;
But yet the child will be snatched—
The shrine sought as of old.

Man's sterner nature turns away
To seek ambition's goal;
For in his glittering life and pleasure's ray
May charm his weary soul.

But woman knows one only dream—
That broken, all is o'er;
For in his life and death's bright stream
Hope's sunbeam rests no more.

REFORMED ON A WINDOW SILL.

A New and True Story of How a Rowdy was Tamed.

[From the St. Paul Press.]

A St. Paul gentleman of undoubted veracity tells the following anecdote, which is vouched for as true in every particular. It has never before appeared in print, and the readers of the Press will, therefore, find it not only an original but a highly interesting little story.

A very funny incident occurred at a small hotel in Michigan a few weeks ago, which, having never been recorded in ink, and being too rich to lose, is hereby put on record as a lesson to the lovers of fun and reform. Owing to an auction sale of considerable property, real and personal, the town during the day was lively with strangers, and the leading hotel so densely crowded that every room was filled to its fullest extent. One big brawny fellow, who, when sober, was a favorite with everybody, but who on this occasion had indulged in a little more corn juice than he could conveniently control, was so boisterous and quarrelsome that his conduct became almost unendurable. He forcibly kissed the pretty landlady, pulled the bar-tender's nose, and threatened, if not allowed to drink to his heart's content, to whip his weight in will cats before morning.

Entering a room containing four beds—with two persons in each—at about the hour of eight, he pulled up the occupant from one bed, and threatening to punch the eyes out of any dozen men who doubted his science and superiority as a shoulder-hitter. No one dared express a doubt on the subject, and a few minutes afterward all was quiet and the light extinguished, the door was suddenly heard to open and shut with a slam, and the calm, iron voice of a man, standing in the middle of the room, exclaimed: "Bill Kurdy, get out of that bed! and don't speak a word or your're a dead man! I am the City Marshal of Detroit, and I've been looking for you all day. I know you, Bill Kurdy, of old, and you're the greatest scoundrel in the West. You're a mouth in a wisper, I'll send your soul to eternity as much quicker than lightning, as lightning is quicker than a lame cow," and the sentence was punctuated by the ominous click of a Colt's revolver.

Every man in the room was wide awake as if it had been noonday; and although the darkness was so intense that not even the outlines of the interlopers' form could be seen, his presence was felt by all present; his firm, unflinching voice, with a thrilling, corpse-like accent told too plainly that he had carefully weighed the job before him, and was prepared on the slightest provocation to snuff out the bully's life with as little hesitation as he would extinguish a candle.

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GENUINE DEMOCRACY.

The Columbia Herald Excoriates the New Department of Hitting Words from one of their Leading Organs in this State—Shall we Accept or Reject?

[From the Columbia Herald, Aug. 17th, 1871.]

When a fanatic demands his money or his life, the latter submits, but only because necessity compels him. Even so with the tyrannical usurpations of the radical party, they yield to the frauds, only so long as we are unable to resist them. When the man, who has had his money stolen by an armed robber gets the advantage of his assailant he is not to be complacently accepted the thief as right and the victim as wrong on terms of friendship, but if he values his own rights and those of his neighbors he will if possible rescue his property, then deliver the scoundrel over to the officers of the law and have meted out to him the penalty due his crime. The Democratic party for ten years has yielded to the crushing yoke of Radicalism because it was unable to remove it. In the hour of triumph it intends to throw it off, and to assert with exceeding great joy the victory of the principles for which it has suffered so long. While it can not bring to trial its tyrants before a civil tribunal it will arrange to bring before the bar of enlightened public opinion and hold up their infamous deeds to the condemnation of history. No people ever suffered deeper wrongs from an unscrupulous political faction than have the citizens of this country from the Radical party. It has despoiled with the bloody hand of war the most beautiful land that God's sun ever shone upon. It has stripped our country of millions of wealth. It has taken from a large mass of our inhabitants every privilege dear to freemen. It has trampled upon the Constitution and turned the Republic to a centralized despotism. It has raised into power the most shameless set of thieves, robbers, murderers and swindlers that ever cursed any government or people. It has made the civil subservient to the military power. In fine, it has crushed out free thought and free opinion, and abrogated all those inalienable rights for a century so dear to American freemen.

Yet all this we are called upon to accept, and that too at the very time when the overthrow of the party that effected them is within our grasp. We are asked to "depart" from the sacred, time-honored principles of our own party, to vindicate which we have struggled so long and to acknowledge as past redemption the present state of things, or what is worse, to accept it as right.

Now if these acts of the Radical party are really a part of the organic law, then the process that constituted them a part of that law is legal. Therefore all this test-oath proscription, reconstruction and military rule business was right, or rather the Democratic party forfeited its right to the Republic by contending against all things, and as it realizes their logical sequence it comes out and honestly acknowledges they were legitimate and proper.

Forever much "dread the Democrats" may try to sug-reat the matter, it all settles down to this end: If we depart from the position we have held for the past ten years we yield our own cause to have been a false one, and Radicalism to have been a just one.

The Democratic party will yield to no such nonsense. It has not yet lost faith in the salvation of the country, and that reason can be offered only in the triumph of Democratic principles—principles that are sound and as compatible with our system of government now as they were half a century ago. Our theory of government has not changed; neither has the Democratic changed. The preservation of one means the triumph of the other, it matters not what may be the temporary condition of political affairs. Let us not listen to the blandishments of political charlatans or the artful plans of ambitious demagogues, but remain true to that faith which carried free thought to victory in this country thro' a dozen Presidential campaigns, and which, by the grace of God, will do it again.

BISMARCK VS. THE POPE.

Late letters and Journals give this information concerning the new contest between Germany, as represented by Bismarck and the Roman Catholic Church.

Bismarck has declared war on the Papacy, and is carrying on a campaign with all his accustomed vigor—and, even more, his customary tact. The Papacy has started him, and the instinct of a man of his type, when startled, is to strike. The men who govern at Rome have lost, in losing their old training schools, the sovereign Bishops, much of their ancient Statecraft, and underestimate the forces in movement in the world, as Bismarck, in a recent letter, warned Antinelli, and are irritated out of their judgments by the loss of the temporal power. They hoped that the Romanists, now at the head of the world, would, in the interest of legitimacy, undo the work of the revolution; and, if needful, by armed intervention, restore Papal dominion, at least within the city of Rome. In return, they would have accorded to the new empire a supporter—rather, a sanction—which, in Bavaria, Poland, Silesia, Rhenish Prussia, and above all, Alsace and Lorraine, would have been the highest value. When, however, the Hohenzollerns, who are Protestants by instinct as well as conviction, looked coldly on these overtures, the Vatican fell back on more natural allies, directed the faithful to join the particularists, and organized in the Reichstag an opposition who directed their whole power to dissolve the newly knit bonds which make a Protestant house supreme in Germany. It was openly announced in Parliament that henceforth the Catholic Church in Germany was hostile to the Empire. Bismarck has, therefore, and has preserved the Catholic Department of the Ministry of Public Worship. The effect of this decree, which might in another country be small, is, in Prussia, to deprive Catholicism of any place in the great bureaucracy or leave it without official defenders; to reduce it to the level of a dissident sect, and to place its affairs, so far as they are considered at all, under the control of a Protestant. This is in Prussia the order by the whole Ultramontane press.

Thirty-two lives were lost at the railroad accident last week near Boston.

KICKED BY A MULE.

Jake Johnson had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of his being the possessor of such an animal, but there was something peculiar about the mule. He—the animal—could kick higher, hit harder, on the slightest provocation, and act uglier than any mule on record.

One morning, finding his property to market, Jake met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old, but concealed grudge. He knew Boggs' weakness lay in bragging and betting; therefore, he saluted him accordingly:

"How are you, Jim? Fine morning?"

"Hearty, hearty," replied Jim. "Fine weather. Nice mule that you have. Will he do to bet on?"

"Bet on? Guess he will that. I tell you, Jim Boggs, he's the best mule in this country. Paid \$500 for him."

"Great smash! He that so?" ejaculated Jim.

"Indeed, every word of it. Tell you, Jim Boggs, I'm taking a horse down for betting purposes. I bet he can kick a fly off from any man without his hurting him."

"Now, look here, aquire," says Jim, "I am not a betting character, but I'll bet you something on that mule."

"Jim, there's no use; don't bet, I don't want to win your money."

"Don't be alarmed, aquire, I'll take such bets as them every time."

"What, if you are determined to bet, I will risk a small stake—say five dollars."

"All right, aquire, you're my man. But who'll he kick the fly off? There's no one here but you and I. You try it."

"No," says Johnson; "I have to be by the